

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Chased by a Catamount.

A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A PIONEER.

I was once told a thrilling adventure of the first settler in Paris, Maine, with a catamount. Although I cannot relate it with that lively effect with which it was told me, still I have embodied the facts in this sketch.

I had been on a hunting excursion, and as I was returning I fell in with that oft-described personage, "the oldest inhabitant." He kindly accosted me, and I gladly entered into conversation with him. "Young man," said he, "when I first visited this town, there were only three families living in it. You who now live in ease, can never know the hardships and perilous scenes through which the earlier settlers passed. Come with me," he continued, "and I will show you the exact spot on which the first hut ever erected in this town was located."

I followed silently, until the old man reached the bottom of the west side of Paris Hill.

"There," said he, "on this spot was erected the hut. I shall never forget the first time I visited it, and the story I was told."

"What was it?" I asked. "I will tell it to you. When the first settler moved here his nearest neighbor lived twenty miles distant in the present town of Rumford, and the only road between the two neighbors was a path that he had cut through the woods himself, so that in case of want or sickness, he might get assistance. One spring, I think it was the third season after he had settled there, he was obliged to go to Rumford after provisions. He arose early one morning, and started for his nearest neighbor. People of the present day would think it hard to make a journey of twenty miles for a bag of potatoes, and on foot, too; but such was the errand of the first settler. He arrived before noon, was successful in getting his potatoes, got some refreshments, and started for home. But it was not very easy to travel with a load of potatoes; and finally, at sundown he threw off his load, and resolved to make a shelter and spend the night. I have been with him to the exact locality of it; it was situated just the other side of the stream on which are mills, in the village now known as Pinhook in Woodstock. He built a shelter, struck a fire, and took out of his pack a piece of meat to roast. Ah! young man," continued the narrator, "you little know with what relish a man eats his food in the woods; but as I was saying, he had commenced roasting his meat, when he was startled by a cry so shrill, that he knew at once it could come from nothing but a catamount. I will now relate it to you as near as I can in the language of the old settler himself."

"I listened a moment," said he, "and it was repeated even louder, and it seemed nearer than before. My first thought was for my own safety. But what was I to do? It was at least ten miles to my home, and there was not a single human being nearer than that to me. I first thought of self-defence; but I had nothing to defend myself with. In a moment I concluded to start for home, for I knew the nature of the catamount too well to think I should stand the least chance of escape, if I remained in the camp. I knew, too, that he would ransack my camp, and I hoped that the meat which I left behind might satisfy his appetite, so that he would not follow me after eating it."

"I had not proceeded more than half a mile before I knew by the shrieks of the animal that he was within sight of the camp. I doubled my speed, content that the beast should have my supper; although I declare that I would not have run if I had had my trusty rifle with me. But there could be no cowardice in running from an infuriated catamount, doubly furious probably, by being hungry, and I with nothing that could be called a weapon, save a pocket knife."

"I had proceeded, probably, about two thirds of the distance home, and hearing nothing more of my feared enemy, I began to slacken my pace, and thought I had nothing to fear. I had left behind me, about two pounds of meat, beef and pork, which I hoped had satisfied the monster. Just as I had come to the conclusion that I would run no further, and was looking back astonished almost, at the distance I had travelled in so short a space of time, I was electrified with horror to hear the animal shriek again."

"I then knew my worst fears were realized. The beast had undoubtedly entered the camp and ate what he could find, and then had scented my track and followed after me. It was about three miles to my log cabin, and it had already become dark. I redoubled my speed; but I felt that I must die. And such a death! The

recollection of that feeling comes to my mind as vividly as though I knew the animal was now pursuing me. But I am no coward, though to be torn in pieces, and almost eaten alive by a wild beast was horrible!

"I calmly unbuttoned my frock, with the determination to throw it off before the beast should approach me, hoping thereby to gain advantage of him by the time he would lose in tearing it to pieces. "Another shriek, and I tossed the garment behind me in the path. Not more than five minutes elapsed before I heard a shrill cry as he came to it. How that shriek electrified me! I bounded like a deer. But in a moment the animal made another cry, which told me plainly that the garment had only exasperated him to a fiercer chase."

"O, God!" said I, "and must I die thus? I can, I must live for my wife and children, and I ran even faster than I had done before, and unbuttoning my waistcoat, I dropped it in the path as I proceeded. The thought of my wife and children urged me to desperate speed for I thought more of their unprotected state than the death I was threatened with, for, should I die, what would become of them?" "In a moment the whole events of my life crowded through my brain. The hot blood coursed through my veins with torrent force! The catamount shrieked louder and louder, and fast as I was running, he was rapidly approaching me. Nearer and nearer he came, until I fancied I could hear his bounds. At last I came to the brook which you see yonder, and it was double the size which it is now, for it was swollen by recent freshets, and I longed to cool my fevered brain in it; but I knew that would be as certain death to me as to die by the claws of the beast. With three bounds I gained the opposite bank, and then I could clearly see a light in my log cabin not a hundred rods distant."

"I had not proceeded but a short distance, before I heard the plunge of the catamount behind me. I leaped with more than human energy, for it was now life and death. In a moment, the catamount gave another wild shriek, as though he was afraid he should lose his prey. At the same instant, I yelled at the top of my lungs to my wife. In a moment I saw her approach the door with a light."

"With what vividness that moment comes back to my mind! The catamount was not so far from me as I was from the house. I dropped my hat, the only thing I could leave to stay the progress of the beast. The next moment I fell prostrate in my own cabin."

"Here the old settler paused, and wiped the big drops from his brow ere he continued: "How long I lay when I fell, I know not, but when I was restored to consciousness, I was lying on a rude couch, and my wife was bathing my head with cold water, and my children were gazing anxiously at me. My wife told me that as soon as I fell she immediately shut the door and barred it, for she knew that I was pursued; but by whom or what she knew not, and that as soon as I had fallen and the door closed, a fearful spring was made upon it; but the door was strong and well barred, and withstood the spring of the beast."

"As soon as I fully recovered, I knelt and offered the most fervent prayer to the Almighty that ever passed my lips, or ever will again. My family and myself shortly retired; but no sleep visited me that night. In the morning, when my little son six years old, told me that he saw the eyes of the colt looking in at the window in the night. I knew the catamount had been watching to gain admittance; but our windows, you will perceive, are not large enough to permit a catamount to enter."

"When I looked into the glass next morning, I was horror struck at my altered appearance. My hair which was the day before black as midnight, was changed to the snowy whiteness you now see it; and although I have enjoyed very good health since, I shall never recover from the effects of the fright I experienced on being chased by a CATAMOUNT."—*Boston Weekly Museum.*

Mr. Imlach, late Minister of the Mairie-house near Dundee, was remarkable for his absence of mind. In his prayer one day, he said, "O, Lord: bless all ranks and degrees of persons, from the king on the dunghill to the beggar on his throne." Then recollecting himself, he added, "I mean from the beggar on the throne to the king on the dunghill."

"Mother," said Jimmie Spray to her maternal relative, "Sam Flint wants to come a courting me to-night."

"Well, what did you tell him?"

"Oh, I told him he might come. I wanted to see how the fool would act!"

The World owes me a Living.

BY HORACE GREELLY.

"The world owes me a living, and I'll have it," says some blackleg as he finishes a luxurious repast; there, landlord another bottle of your prime Madeira! Half a dozen empty-headed fops, who sit gazing on him by stealth in silent admiration, hail the sentiment with rapturous applause. "That's it the world owes us a good living, and we will have it!—landlord, more wine here, we won't go home till morning.—Let's go it while we are young. Who cares for expense?" The consequence of this, the pillering of money drawers, the ignominious loss of employment, genteel loafing, &c., &c., until one of these enterprising gentlemen in eager pursuit of the 'good living' the world owes him, puts the wrong man's name to a check, or in some kind of a way gets a ticket to the marble palace at Sing Sing, where the State provides a 'living' for those it considers deserving, but not such a one as consists with their own estimate of their exalted merits.

The great error in this case is in the original maxim. It is false and detestable! The world owes you a living? How owes? Have you earned it by good services? If you have, whether on the anvil, or in the pulpit, or as a teacher, you have acquired a just right to a livelihood. But if you have eaten as much as you earned, or worse still, done little or no good, the world owes you nothing. You may be worth millions and able to enjoy every imaginable luxury without care or effort; but if you have done nothing to increase the sum of human comforts, instead of the world owing you anything, as fools have babbled, you are morally a bankrupt and a beggar.

Mankind are just awaking to a consciousness of the duty resting on every man to be active and useful in his day and in his sphere. All are not called to dig or hew—or plow or plant—but every man has a sphere of usefulness allotted to him by Providence, and is unfaithful to his high trust if he deserts it for idle pomp and heedless luxury. One man may be fitted by nature and inclination for an artisan, another for a sailor, and a third for a merchant; but no man was ever born fitted for an idler and a drone. Those who become such are the victims of perverse circumstances, and a deplorable false education.

But, has not the rich man the right to enjoy his wealth? Most certainly. We would be the last to deprive him of it.—He has a natural and a legal right to possess and enjoy it in any manner not injurious to others; but he has no moral right to be useless because he has superior means of being useful. Let him surround himself with all the true comforts and true luxuries of life; let the master piece of art smile upon him in his galleries, and the mighty minds of all ages speak to him from his library. Let plenty deck his board, and the faces of those he loves gather joyously around it. Let him possess in abundance the means of satisfying every pure and just desire of his nature; and become wiser, nobler, larger in soul, than his less fortunate neighbor. But let him never forget, as if he is properly trained, he never can, that it is his solemn duty to be useful to his fellow creatures, especially to the depressed and suffering—to labor for their benefit, and suffer if needs be for their elevation.

The servile idolatry with which ignorance and vulgarity have looked up to power and wealth—the hosannahs which the trampled millions have sung before the cars of conquerors and other scourges of the earth—are fading and fitting forever. In the twilight which succeeds the gross darkness, there comes a season of moral anarchy, when men, having lost faith in the juggles which once blinded and bound them, resolved to believe nothing—to deery and prostrate all that rises above the lowest level. Now, the laborer with his sinew, returns hatred for contempt once cast upon him, and says,—"What good is there in anything but manual labor? away with all else! those whose labor is chiefly mental are deceivers and moths!" But this is a transitory ebullition. The world soon learns to respect its benefactors in whatever sphere, and to realize that he who truly and honestly exerts himself in some department of useful effort, may justly claim a brotherhood with all who toil, and make and earn. Let the rich cease to look down on the poor—the merchant on the porter; let each respect the dignity of man, and whether in his own person or that of his less fortunate brother—let haughtiness and pride cease on one side, and envy, jealousy and hatred, with their trains of direful consequences, will vanish from the other, and all animated in common concord to the attainment of the highest good.

It is better to be good than to be great.

The Kentucky Forger.

It is related of that unfortunate man, Martin Brown—who was once a prominent member of the Kentucky Legislature, but was confined in the Penitentiary for forgery—that when he first settled in Texas, the inhabitants were determined to drive him out of Austin's Settlement of San Felipe, because he had been a convict. Austin had forbidden such persons to settle on his ground, and the colonial law passed by him was strict in prohibiting an asylum for refugees and all persons rendered infamous by felonies, of whatever description they may be—a law which the father of Texas always enforced with the utmost of rigor. Hence as soon as the settlers informed the General of this new case, he immediately sent an order warning Brown to decamp within three days, on pain of summary punishment.

The messenger was William S.—Austin's private Secretary, a young man of cultivated intellect, a noble heart, and generous to a fault. He arrived at the Green Heart Grove, the residence of Brown and his family, one summer's noon and found the family circle formed around their frugal table. It was the dinner hour.

S—forthwith delivered Austin's written order, which Brown glanced over and then said mournfully. "Tell General Austin that I shall never move from this spot until I move into my grave. It is true that I committed a great crime in my native state; but I also suffered the severe penalty of the law; and then with my dear wife and children, who still love me, I stole away from the eyes of society, which I no longer wish to serve or injure, to live in quiet and die in peace. I am ready and willing to die but on my family's account I cannot and will not leave this spot."

His wife and daughter implored him to change his resolution. They avowed their willingness again to undergo the toils and privations of emigration, and if necessary prepare for a new home in the wilderness. But prayers, tears and entreaties were alike in vain. To every argument Martin Brown gave the same answer in a calm and sad voice.

"I chose my place of burial the first day I set my eyes on my little grove, and I shall not change my mind now."

S—returned deeply smitten with the scene he had witnessed, related to Gen. Austin the singular state of facts and interceded urgently for a relaxation of the law, which rested in the discretion of the colonial chief.

"You have suffered yourself to be smitten by the charms of the beautiful Emma," said Austin with a smile.

S—tried to look indignant, which effort merely resulted with a burning blush.

"I will go and see Martin myself," added the General, "but he will have to make out a strong case to alter my determination."

When Austin arrived in the evening at his destination, the family of the grove were almost distracted with grief.—Brown's countenance alone wore its usual mask of tranquility. His story told to General Austin was simple as it was brief.

"It is true," he said, "I was in the Penitentiary of Kentucky; but I was in the Legislature before I was in the State Prison; and while a member of the Senate, I opposed with all my might the manufacture of so many Banks. Those Banks soon afterwards beggared thousands, among them me and my children. I was then tempted, in order to save my family to perpetrate a forgery, or to do that on a small scale, which the State and Banks had so long been doing on a large one. I paid the forfeit of my crime. While the grand swindlers rolled in affluence, I pined alone in a felon's dungeon. Having served out my time, I resolved never again to commit another wrong. I have kept my word, and have but one desire. To be let alone to die."

General Austin did let the old man alone, and cancelled the order for his banishment, and was ever after his steadfast friend.

S—, the private secretary, made another visit to the Green Heart Grove, and the beautiful Emma is now the wife of an eminent lawyer and a bright particular star of fashion's sphere at Galveston.

Martin died at last in peace, and was buried in his beloved grove, (at his special request,) in a most fantastic manner—standing erect, in a full hunter's costume, with his hand raised towards heaven and his loaded rifle on his left shoulder.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Accommodating.—A physician advertised that, at the request of his friends, he had removed near the church-yard, and trusted that his removal would accommodate many of his patients.

A Gallant Soldier.

At the funeral honors paid to Worth, Duncan and Gages, John Van Buren delivered an oration, in which he related the following anecdote of the former.

While Gen. Scott was under charges by order of Gen. Jackson, and a court of inquiry was investigating his conduct in Florida, a party of gentlemen met in this city, and after dinner the conversation turned upon the subject of Scott's services. Worth, indignant at the proceeding was describing the part which Scott took in the battle Niagara. He said that Scott's brigade were advancing towards evening, under the cover of a wood, from which they were to deploy into the open field; Scott had already had one horse shot under him and as the column were deploying, his second horse fell, and he became entangled under it. The column wavered, and Worth, then his youngest aid, rushing to his assistance, dismounted and tendered him his horse saying, "General, can you mount the column for a leader?" Scott immediately mounted, and riding to the head of the column, cried out, "Advance men! the night's our own," and Worth followed Scott, as his aid, on foot. At this moment a discharge of grape from a single cannon prostrated Scott, the horse which he rode, and his aid, Worth. Scott and Worth were immediately carried to the rear—Scott seriously, and Worth, as it was supposed, mortally wounded. Attention was of course, first paid to the commanding officer. After some time a deep groan was heard, apparently from the adjoining tent, and Scott, with that forgetfulness of himself which distinguishes him on such occasions, begged the surgeons to repair to the quarter whence the sound proceeded and attend as he said "to poor Worth, who must be dying." Instead of this as Worth concluded, "the cry of agony proceeded from my faithful dying charger, who had managed to drag himself upon three legs to the edge of my tent, where he had laid down to die." Pausing for a moment, while there was hardly a dry eye in the company, he added—"I beg your pardon gentlemen; I find that in defending Gen. Scott, I have been incidentally led to describe my own service."

A Good One.

We clip the following laughable article from the editorial columns of the Chicago Dollar Newspaper. A few such would cure the dyspepsia in its worst form:

A certain limb of the law arguing a case in one of our sucker courts, was informed by his honor that the case had already been decided by the court.

"I know it," responded the attorney, with a peculiar nasal twang for which he was then somewhat remarkable; "but I'm going to prove to the court that the court is wrong!" And at it he went right and left, when the judge again interrupted him with,

"I have decided that before."

"Have ha!" with the nasal accompaniment, responded the attorney, continuing his argument.

By this time the patience of the Judge was getting exhausted, and he was rather inclined to the "rile;" and in a somewhat severe tone he said:

"If you wish to persist in arguing this case, you must carry it up to the court of Errors."

"Must ha! If this ain't a court of Errors, I don't know what in h—ll it is!"

Owing to a great falling off, among the button family just then, the court rizz.

"Whatever God has made is perfect," said a Western preacher to his hearers.—"What do you think of me?" said a huck-buck rising and exhibiting his own deformity.

"Think of you!" replied the preacher—"why that you are as perfect a hunchback as I ever saw in my life."

A rafterman who had drunk a little too freely fell from the raft and was drowning, when his brother plunged in to his relief, seized him by the hair, but the current was strong, and the brother's strength being nearly exhausted, he was about relinquishing his hold, when descending the drowning one raising his head above the water, "Hang on, Sam!—hang on, I'll treat, I swear I will." His words were stimulating, and the brother at length saved him.

"Shon," said a Dutchman, "you may say what you please 'bout bad neighbors; I had to worst neighbors as never was.—Mine pigs and mine hens come mit dere ears split, and todler day two of them come home missing."

The Capitol of California has been fixed at the Pueblo of San Jose, by the Constitutional Convention.

Hoosier Girls on a Steamboat.

We were not long since much amused by a couple of Hoosier girls, who came aboard the steamer —, at the little town of Mt. Vernon, Ind. They had evidently never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned, with regard to the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of the opposite turn of mind, inclining to bashfulness. At dinner, our ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table, and the eldest one, with her usual impudence, cut her broad into small pieces and with her fork reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing on a plate of beef-steak before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during this operation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her and exclaimed loud enough to be heard by half the persons at the table—*Sal, dip into the gravy—Dad pays as much as any on 'em!* This was followed by a general roar, in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper, and when they left the boat, all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.—*Cin. Nonpareil.*

From an interesting statistical article in the Boston Transcript, we learn that the amount of sales of poultry in one market in that city, for the year 1848, was six hundred seventy four thousand and twenty-three dollars; the average sales of one dealer alone amounted to twelve hundred dollars per week for the whole year. The amount of poultry sales for the whole city of Boston, for the same year, was over one million of dollars! The amount of sale of eggs, for the whole city of Boston, for the same year, was a fraction short of a million of dollars. The Transcript says that the breeding and rearing of poultry is second in importance to scarcely any other article of stock in New England.

The agricultural statistics of the United States, published in 1840, show that the value of poultry in the State of New York was two million three hundred and seventy three thousand and twenty-nine dollars.

The Siamese Twins must be very faithful to each other, as, when one of them gets into trouble, the other always stands by him.

"A Whopper."—They tell us of big rats on the line of the Ohio canal, and one of them is said to have towed a boat, using his tail for a tow line. That's a whopper—of a rat we mean. If we should attempt to beat this rat story, we would tell of a mosquito in the Montezuma swamp on the Erie canal, who stole a boat pole for a tooth pick.

An Obedient Servant.—When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event, which he did by writing as follows.—I am directed to inform the Court of Alderman that Mr. Gill died last night by order of Mrs. Gill.

We observe in the list of candidates for election to the Legislature of Massachusetts, the names of five editors.

The telegraph charges in Austria are most exorbitant. The prices for forwarding twenty-five words is fixed at 62½ francs (\$12.50).

The Government has ordered the reconnaissance of a line for a military road from Jefferson barracks to Fort Smith.

A line of eight sailing vessels, of 600 tons each has been established between Rio and Havre, to sail on the 25th of each month.

Hugh Smith, delegate to Congress from New Mexico, chosen October 20th, is on his way to Washington.

The Legislature of California will convene in December, and elect two Senators to Congress, and proceed to organize a State government forthwith.

There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman; one when she wonders who she will have, the other when she wonders who will have her.

A scoundrel at the Boston museum when the crowd were passing out, on Thursday evening deliberately cut off three or four ringlets from a young lady's neck. Hearing the click of the scissors, the young lady quickly turned around and uttering a scream, but the perpetrator of the outrage had fled.